

# HELD FOR MURDER, THREE SISTERS ARE PRISONERS

## Women of Mystery Now Occupy Separate Cells.

## MRS. MARY SNEAD LATEST ARREST

**Fletcher Snead, Missing Husband of Bathtub Victim, May Be Behind Bars in Few Hours — Day Crowded With Sensations in Famous Case.**

**N**EW YORK, December 16.—The three old women of mystery are in the hands of the law. Events crowded fast in to-day's developments of the case. The first of the three, Mrs. Caroline Martin, the oldest of the three sisters, was arraigned before Magistrate Kernochan in the district Tombs Police Court. Less than two weeks ago she was being sought by Chicago detectives were tapping on the door of Mrs. Mary Sneed, at 400 West Twenty-second Street, and the third sister was in custody. It is promised that before long Fletcher Sneed, the missing husband of the youngest girl, will be arrested at St. Catherine, Canada, thus bringing together the four people, of all others, should know the truth as to what transpired in the Erie Railroad case. The youngest girl, Cecy Sneed was found little more than two weeks ago.

In the room occupied by Mrs. Snead the detectives found three pasteboards containing newspaper clippings, letters and written notes, and also one small imitation alligator leather suitcase and a small old-fashioned black handbag, which were turned over to the New Jersey authorities for examination.

**Took Victim to House.**

Mrs. Mary Snead can be connected with the East Orange house portion of the long mystery, because she was the woman who rented the place, and was she who brought Ocee Snead to the bare rooms in which she was kept.

With the three strange old women in custody, every attempt will be made to locate the victim.

Mrs. Caroline B. Martin, who has been not only the strong dominating figure, but the dominant

her family, followed her to the Warrenton court this morning. She wore a shabby suit of mourning and a large drooping hat around which was pinned a heavy veil, which hid all view of her features. She was a dark, middle-aged woman, with a newspaper, and, like her sister, she stumbled in the hands of her attendants, for she could not see where she was going.

A chair was brought for her and she dropped into it as if exhausted. But even in her condition of almost total collapse, she remembered to shield her face with her palms so that no one might gain as much as a glimpse through the heavy folds of the veil.

Several newspaper men gathered about her, and some of them asked her questions. If the question had

For an instant the old woman forg herself, and lifting the veil, look squarely at her interlocutor. It w not a pleasant face which she di along these things.

closed. It might have been the face of a strong, masterful old man. S. lacks the sharp, eagle features of his younger sister, Virginia, but there is the same keen glance, the same prominent features, and the same insolent expression.

For an instant she looked at him questioner and then the veil dropped. "I did not go to the funeral because I was sick in bed," said she.

This voice did not fit the face.

Pressed to explain a few of the mysterious points which have been made against her, asked to say something about the presence of the three suicide notes found in the room, Martin froze into silence.

When Attorney Gilbert arrived noon, there was a sudden stir inside the hall, and two men half lifted a half-carried the stumbling old woman to "The Bridge," in front of Magistrate Kernochan.

"Madame, remove your veil," said he.

Mrs. Martin started to protest, but other hands reached out to aid her.

and she lifted the black folds, only to drop them again in the fraction of a second.

But already the necessary questions were being asked and answered.

**Held as Fugitive.**

It was all over in less than a minute. An affidavit had been presented, charging Mrs. Caroline Martin with being a fugitive from justice and stating that she was charged by the police of Es-

Orange with the crime of murder. "The prisoner is remanded to the Tombs until Saturday morning at 10 A. M.," said Magistrate Keroochan. It was learned at the house on West Twenty-second Street, where Mr. Snead has been living for some time, and where at one time or another some of the mysterious people in the tragedy have met—save only Fletcher Snead, the runaway husband—that

8 Mrs. Snead was ready to leave on la  
y Friday. She had expected that Fran